

A CHILD'S
BOOK *of*
VERSES

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A CHILD'S BOOK
OF
VERSES

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RAYMOND E. MANCHESTER



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INSCRIBED
TO
MARY JANE
AND
HER MOTHER

A Child's Book of Verses

MAKE-BELIEVE

Today we played at make-believe
And grandpa was the baby.
Mother was the little girl,
And I, a great big lady.

We had a lunch of ginger-bread
And poured out "pretend" tea.
I passed the plate to mother,
Then she passed it back to me.

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MISTER ANGLEWORM

After rain comes on the lawn
And all the thunder clouds are gone,
The dirt lifts up beneath the fern,
And out comes Mister Angleworm.

He humps his back, then lengthens out,
And pokes his pointed nose about:
He loves to roll, and stretch, and squirm,
This lazy Mister Angleworm.

Then Mrs. Robin hops along,
For she knows where good worms belong.
She gives her head a saucy turn,
And, down goes Mister Angleworm.

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ROBIN RED-BREAST

Little Robin Redbreast
Hopping along;
Looking for worms
Upon the green lawn.
Hop along, listen!
Hop along, stop!
Pull out a long one,
Then,
Hop along, hop.

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MY BROTHER

The doctor came today at four,
And hurried in at our front door.
'Most every other person knocks,
But he just walked in with his box.
I had to go with Fritz to play,
And nurse told me to stay away,
But I ran home to see my mother,
And there beside her was a brother.
He had the cutest little toes
And little wrinkles on his nose,
But had an awful reddy face
From being in the doctor's case.

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BED TIME

My daddy reads me stories,
Of what the fairies said.
I climb in his lap
For a short little nap,
And wake up tucked in bed.

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APRIL EVENING

A robin sings in the garden.
The sun is big and red.
My mother sings
Of birds and things,
And I go to sleep in my bed.

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IN WINTER

I think it fun in Winter
When it snows and blows outside,
For then my daddy plays at horse
And takes me for a ride.

My mother cuts out dollies
And makes them paper clothes;
My grandpa builds me castles
Out of blocks and dominoes.

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MY GRANDPA

I have a gray-haired Grandpa
Who wears whiskers on his chin,
And there's no one in the world I like
As well as I like him.

He wakes me in the morning
With a "Hello, Snoop-en-dyke,"
And puts his head in at the door
To ask me who I like.

He helps me button on my shoes
With mother's buttonhook,
Then fastens up my corset
While I read my bunny book.

Sometimes he brings me candy
Or chewing gum to chew,
And when it is my birthday
He brings me toys, too.

He always mends my dollies,
And he never does play rough;
So I think that I will marry him
When I grow big enough.

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LITTLE SISTER

Come, little sister,
Do not cry:
Daddy must work
For you and I.
Do not pout,
Or fret, or fuss:
He will soon
Come back to us.
He likes us best
When we behave,
So, little sister,
Just be brave.

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THE CIRCUS PARADE

A big toot-toot,
And a funny clown;
A lady in
A gorgeous gown;
A six-horse team
On a wild-west stage;
A man in tights
In the lion's cage;
The negro minstrels
Sing a song,
And then the camel
Comes along.
Last of all,
The farmer band;
Then we go
To the peanut stand.
I buy some
Yellow lemonade,
And that is the last
Of the circus-parade.

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RAINY DAYS

On rainy days I play inside,
And get out my gray horse to ride.
I fill up my big saddle sack,
And take a ride to town and back.
I like a rainy day or two,
For then my toys all seem like new;
And no one asks me, "What's the matter?"
If I do make quite a clatter.

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THE WIND

There's one thing I can't figure out,
When all the leaves are blown about;
And that is where the wind is from,
For I can't see it go and come.
It helps the birds upon their way
And moves the ships upon the bay:
It puts a kiss upon my cheek,
And makes the waves upon the creek.
I hope some day to understand
Why wind blows over sea and land.

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